

YALE'S CREW ABROAD

Life of the American Oarsmen at Henley.

WORKING HARD, BUT ENJOYING IT

Pleased With Their Surroundings and Their Treatment.

THE COURSE AND QUARTERS

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

HENLEY, England, June 24, 1896. The very name brings up before one's mind the image of a spot abounding in beauty and fascination. As many have said who have seen it and know its charm, "Henley is beyond description."

It is here at this beautiful Henley, in one of its most picturesque spots, that the sons of old Eli have their quarters. When first they were ushered into their new home by the town mayor himself they could not find words to express their ad-

The whole place was so different from what they had anticipated, and so very different from the old home at Captain Brown's bouse, on the American Thames. The lawns, the shrubberies and the artistically arranged flower beds put one in stantly in mind of the fanciful ideals of his childhood days. The men had never once thought of seeing anything like the artistic hellway, the comfortable library, well-stocked with books; the dainty drawing room looking out upon the lawn, and the light and airy bed rooms, which greeted them upon their entrance. But what pleased them most was the large dining room, with its long table covered with room, with its long table covered with snow-white linen and beautiful flowers. It did not take them long to draw up the leather-cushioned chairs and attack the large cold reasts of beef and mutton, which constituted their first lunch on English

When their hunger was appeased they be gan to look about in a more inquisitive and critical mood. The artistic appearance of the hall quickly vanished. The marble busts of Psyche and Napoleon were adorned with hew red caps, while the old carved oak chairs and settles were piled with coats and wraps. From a college man's standpoint, the appearance was much improved, but the old English butler looked on in horror.
Groups of men went about on tours of investigation. Some looked over the books in the library and examined the electric lights (they had been told that candles were the only lights used at Henley). Others found a quaint little stone grotto on the side of



Flying Yale's Flag.

the house, overlooking a small canal, which flows through the gardens. Still others explored the gardens and came back with enthusiastic descriptions of the tall hedges, of the shady walks along the riverside and of the cozy nooks and bowers.

All were delighted with the fine tennis

perfect turf were so complete. The contents of the well-stocked green houses caught the eye of the men who had epicurean tendency, while the little woodcovered island, with patches of green lawn peoping out here and there, pleased those who were fond of solitude.

courts at the upper end of the gardens. The

stop-nets, the little summer house and the

This little island, upon careful examina-tion, disclosed many other things, both of interest and of use. On it is a private boat house, where the pair-oar and rowboats are kept. There is a lock station there also, where the boys are accustomed to go of fine day, especially if it is Sunday, to watch the people pass through in their boats. Here they see all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the country workman and his rosy-cheeked wife, in their and battered boat, up to the lord and his finely-dressed lady, in their smart and graceful skiff. The one great thing that they miss in all this passing throng is the presence of pretty women. The numbe that pass in a day's time can be counted on one's finger-tips. There are fine dresses— hats galore—but these cannot compensate

for the lack of beautiful faces.
On a point of the island, in close proximity to the boat house, the boys have erected a flag-pole, which bears the good, old letter Y. From all the country round- about this big blue letter, with its white bunting back-



Yale's Bont House

ground, can be seen fluttering in the breezes telling those who wish to know where the In such a charming place as Marsh Mills House, for that is the name of the place, it is no wonder that the life of the Yale men is a round of joility from one day's end to

The Day's Routine.

They rise from their comfortable beds, after a good night's sleep, at 7:30 o'clock, jump into a few light clothes and take a short, brisk walk, which usually terminates in a hundred yards for the house and the cold tub baths, which are awaiting them there. After this they dress and come down to an 8:15 breakfast, of porridge, chops, fish, eggs, potatoes and fruit, with a cup of breakfast tea now and then for those who wish it. Breakfast finished, they

when the men are rowed down to their boat house by the substitutes. It is in the pair-oar that Mr. Cook coach-es h's men on the fine points of the stroke, principally the finish and catch. The pairprincipally the finish and catch. The pairoar is never off its bottom, and since there
are only two men, besides Mr. Cook, the
various parts of the stroke may be practiced after a manner which would be impossible in the eight. Mr. Cook says that
it is in the pair-oar that the men learn
how they ought to row. When they go out
in the eight they are expected to employ
the principles thus acquired. The morning's brisk spin, with the baths, rub-down
at the end, leave the men feeling in fine at the end, leave the men feeling in fine condition, and as hungry as wolves for their

The period after lunch is the longest that they have to themselves. This is employed by some in making short bicycle trips into the neighboring country, while others play tennis, walk into town or read.
Fearing that the men might slip and wrench some part of their body, Captain Treadway thought it wiser for the regular members of the crew to discontinuous play. Fearing that the men might slip and wrench some part of their body, Captain Treadway thought it wiser for the regular members of the crew to discontinue playing. Now the substitutes and healers have the fine court entirely to themselves, and little Coxswain Clarke, too, who must not the substitute of the substitutes and healers have the fine court entirely to themselves, and little Coxswain Clarke, too, who must not the substitute of the su

importance, and which mainly characterizes each shell, is the arrangement of the seats and foot braces. In the English shell these are placed on alternate sides, each man sitting well to the side opposite his oar lock. The advantage derived from this arrangement is the increased leverage on the oar. While in the Yale boat the men sit directly over the keel in a straight line, thus enabling them to keen better time thus enabling them to keep better time and the boat more steady, with the still greater advantage of freedom in arranging men. At first sight one would say that the English have the advantage, but when he examines more closely and sees with what evenness the Yale shell glides through the water, he changes to doubt. This can only be decided by the approaching races, and then not certainly. The Course.

The English critics (for all the people

about Henley, from the youth in knee breeches to the old man, is a rowing critic) have watched the Yale crew at practice from the bridge, and soon came to call them by this unique name, "the Yankee Bee-liners." The course, upon which Yale has practiced for three weeks, and which has practiced for three weeks, and which is to witness the greatest aquatic event in her history, is in the town of Henley. This is the only point in the upper Thames which permits of a straight-away course of over a mile. This covers a distance of one mile 560 yards, and is practically straight away, there being only two slight turns early in the course. The races are roved up straight away, the slight current specific to current.

turns early in the course. The races are rowed up stream against a slight current, thus bringing the finish close to the Henley bridge, which becomes a most desirable place from which to see the regatta.

As one looks up the course from the bridge he gets a clear view of Regatta Island, at the extreme end. It is on the left-hand side of this that the start is situated, but this is almost invisible from the bridge, on account of the trees which thickly line the left bank. To the right one looks upon fields and nastures, with here looks upon fields and pastures, with here and there a beautiful home. This is called



QUARTERS OF THE YALE CREW.

be omitted, for he is the most promising candidate for the crew tennis club champlonship. The latest form of amusement is fishing. The numerous pools in the running water at the foot of the lock seem to be full of at the foot of the lock seem to be full of reach and pike, with an occasional trout. Almost any day one or two of the men can be found swinging their feet over the railing and dangling a tiny baited hook in the water, which goes, boiling, bubbling beneath. Capt. Treadway is the most enthusiastic of the fishermen. In fact, it was he who bought the first hook and line. In the evening, after the 7:30 o'clock dinner of soup, mutton or beef, peas, potatoes and

of soup, mutton or beef, peas, potatoes and cauliflower, rice pudding and fruit, the men gather in groups about the lawn in front of the house. They walk up and down the shady paths, play catch with tennis balls or curl themselves up in chairs, and read, until darkness drives them indoors. Then they gather about the plane and make the house ring with old Yale songs. At 10:30 they go for a short walk and then turn in

for a good night's sleep. Sunday on the Thames. Sunday afternoon is generally spent on

the river. The first Sunday the whole crew lunched with Mr. Crisp at his beautiful place, called Friar Park. After lunch he took them for a sail down the Thames in his steam launch. The day was perfect, so that the men had an opportunity of see-irg a typical English Sunday on the Thames. All the people of Henley have been so very kind to the Yale boys. They have lunched them, invited them to garden parties and dined them. It seems as if they had done everything in their power to make the men feel that they ar come. Even the urchins, as they pass the Yale men, greet them with, "I hope you'll win, sir!" Many callers come to the quarters both English and American. The calls from the members of the several crews are very gratefully received of course, but there

from an American. It was with great regret that the men returned from their first Sunday's sail down the Thames to find that they had missed the visit of the United States con-sul, Mr. J. M. Savage, and Vice Consul General J. J. Collins and Charles Dana Gibson with his wife. Notwithstanding the social gayety the men kept in fine condi-tion. In fact this has helped to preserve their good health, because it takes their The much-dreaded English climate thus far has shown no effects upon the sturdy New Haven boys. They appear every day on the Thames for their morning and evening spins with their faces and arms brown-ed by the sun, looking the picture of health.

The Boat House.

The boat house in which the Yale shell is kept, together with several others, is provided by the regatta committee for those clubs entered in the regatta who desire to use them. But some clubs, as Leander, Trinity and others, use temporary tents for this purpose, while New College crew keep their shell at their quarters down the river. The main boat house is a plain structure, with two alleyways, are arranged one above another on either

Opening into this large room where the boats are kept is a dressing room, with the appropriate supply of furniture. Just outside the main room, and diagonally acros from the dressing room and opening upon the float, is the bathing room. This con where the men may plunge into the river under complete concealment, and after their row this becomes the most popular resort for the weary and perspiring oarsmen. The boat house is situated at the foot of the Henley bridge, and about a half mile from the Yale quarters. It is easily accessible by either the road or the

water. Several bicycles are kept at the quarters, so smooth and level are the roads about Henley. By way of the river it is rather longer, but a delightful row, the pleasure of which is usually given to the everweary substitutes.

In the boat house the Yale men come in contact with many of their rival oarsmen. and thus is given each an opportunity to judge of the other's qualities from a more social standpoint. Not only the eights, but also the fours, pairs and scullers, meet here in most friendly relations on commor

Aspecial man cares for the Yale shells, adjusts and repairs the rigging, and keeps the boat in trim during the season. It is the custom for each club to furnish its own man, for they find quite enough to keep them busy, and the crews dislike very much to have any other than their own man meddle with their boats. These men attending to the boats, together with re-porters, heelers and visitors, besides the crew, make the boat house a busy place

In looking about the boat house one notices at once the difference between the English and Yale shells. The former are built of cedar, while the material of the latter is paper. The lines of the two boats are almost identical, but the English beat sits a little lower in the water. The interior constructions of the boats differ news and write home letters. At 10 o'clock they are called out by twos for pair-oar work. Simpson and Brown are generally the first, while Captain Treadway and Stroke Langford bring this portion of the morning's work to a close at about 11, foot braces. Another point of vastly more

mentioned above forms a very effective shield from the wind off that side the river, rendering the Bucks Side preferable in case of a cross wind from that quarter. Two rows of white piles, with scarcely room between them for two crews to pass, mark the course, and serve as barriers to keep back the houseboats and skiffs from intruding upon the course. The greatest precaution is taken that the way be perfectly clear before each race, and for this purpose official launches are sent over the course ahead of the crews. Any boat purpose official launches are sent over the course ahead of the crews. Any boat found protruding the slightest distance into the course is immediately seized by a grappling hook and towed, much to the occupants' embarrassment, down the whole course before the race. Thus is gained that which marks the Henley royal regatta as the best managed affair of its kind.

On the "Bucks Side" the ground is quite clear, and a fairly good horse path is furnished for ceachers. Mr. Cook, after trying an electric launch, bicycle and pair-oar. ng an electric launch, bicycle and pair-oa

finds the saddle the best place from which to do his coaching. The men are usually taken down the he may have freed himself from curious "heelers," Mr. Cook gives the crew special coaching for short distances, and sends them over the course on time on the

is the custom here at Henley for each coach to allow the others to ride along with him and listen to his coaching, and get what points they desire as to time and stroke, so it is not an infrequent occur-rence that a coach is seen surrounded by five or six men on horseback.

The crews practice about one hour in the morning, and perhaps a little longer in the afternoon. Yale thus far has done more than any other crew, and shows marked improvement every day.

How the Crews Live.

It is said that the Yale crew has attracted the other crews to Henley earlier than usual by its appearance as a contestant for the grand challenge cup. On account of their determination not to give up the cup without a good fight the English crews have started practice with a vim. They are quartered about the town in private houses, which long before the regatta season have been engaged for them. Each crew lives together, and has a separate training table, often in the same house Their diet is on the whole more libera than that of the Yale men, the use of spirits being required as a requisite of English training. Every precaution is taken by the Englishmen against the effects of the weather, and each man carries with him in the boat on a cool day a jacket and muffler, which are slipped on immediately they stop rowing.

The Yale stroke, which found its origin in the English stroke through Mr. Cook, is considerably different, and not one would say, after watching the crews at practice that Yale has taken the English stroke

bodily. Yale's idea is to keep the body erect and under perfect control, while the English stroke allows the body to fall over on the full reach and lie well back in the finish. with racks for the boats, which It is ir just this point that Yale bases he chances of victory, for in the more erect position of the body the stroke is more conservative, while it is thought to be just as effective as the extremely long swing. On the water Yale has made a splendid showing as compared with the English crews, and her long, steady stroke, which resembles the latter more than that of any other American crew which has visited Henley, has impressed the English oarsmen as a very formidable opponent Not only on the water, but at their quar ters and throughout their stay thus far at Henley, the Yale crew have proved themselves worthy of the name of Americans

THE ACME WON.

Result of the Annual Regatta of the Capital Yacht Club.

The annual regatta of the Capital Yacht Club was sailed today on the course from the Arsenal Point round a buoy off River View and return, a distance of some seventeen miles. The first prize, a solid silver cup, was won by Mr. Vernon C. Cook's

Acme. The race was to have been sailed on Dec oration day, but a lack of wind prevented the boats from going over the course in the time limit of seven hours. The club had better luck today, for there was a fairly stiff breeze that sent the yachts skimming over the water at a lively rate and the race was salled well within the

Dr. E. C. Rauterberg's steam yacht Alert was the judges' boat, and the judges were Dr. Arthur Rauterberg and Messrs. Frank Page and C. P. Deardorff.

Page and C. P. Deardorff.

The following were the entries for the race: Boojum, Capt. Jacob Delmer; Grace, Messrs. C. C. J. Norris and E. C. Reubsam; Undine, Drs. C. J. Hopkins and W. A. Frankland; Catfish, Mr. L. H. Dyer; Spartan, Mr. C. T. Karr; Francina, Mr. F. C. Townsend (as Mr. Townsend is away, Mr. L. P. Libby, represented the club of Francisco.

Summary of the Events and the

Winners.

THOSE WHO QUALIFIED

The trial heats of the Queer Wheelmen race meet were held this morning at 10 o'clock at the International Athletic Park. There was only a limited number of spectators, the crowd being made up of the friends of the riders. The finals of the races started at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon. The men showed up well this morning and rode in good form. The track was in excellent condition and conducive of fast time. There was an absence of wind, and the weather, while sunny, was excellent for the sport. The officers of the meet present were: E.

E. Simpson, official referee: L. B. Graves, C. A. Cabrera and G. M. Fague, judges; timekeepers, Wm. Gettinger, George E. Boyd and R. R. Burr; starter, John C. Crossley; S. W. Stinemetz, scorer; F. M. Stearn, announcer: W. H. Henshaw, clerk of course; H. R. Dawley and L. O. Slack. assistant clerks; Howard S. Gardner, E. L. Hutchinson, Robert Stone and L. J. Woolridge; William Jose, official handicap-Mile Novice.

The first race, the mile novice, had

twenty-five entrants, and was run off in two heats. The first heat was a pretty race, with a brisk pace, and won by H. W. Clum in the fast time of 2.31 1-5. The chain of H. R. Thompson broke on the first lap, and threw him out, incidentally throwing out several other riders. The referee ing out several other riders. The referee permitted Thompson to ride in the second heat, but refused to allow the men in the second heat, where chances of qualifying in the first heat were received. The second heat of the novice was a good event. R. P. Pesey took the lead and held it for over two laps, but he was overtaken and came in seventh. Five men in each heat qualified for the final.

Half-Mile Handicap.

In the half-mile handicap there were hirty-three entrants, and it was run off in two heats, seventeen men going in the first heat. The men started off in good style, and it looked like a pretty race. Just as the men entered the back stretch the wheel of U. S. Barber slipped from under him. He was at the head of the bunch, and when he fell a good many riders got by him safely. Hardy Pritchard struck him, and was thrown with great force. George S. Ball was also thrown, and struck the fence with a resounding smack, heard all over the grounds. He was not seriously hurt, though his right hand was injured. Pritchard was picked up unconscious, and carried to a cot under the officials' tent. While badly bruised and shaken up he was not seriously injured. Clum won the race by a length, with the other men bunched.

Second Heat.

The second heat of the half mile was delayed by the accident in the previous race. and the men whose chances of qualifying in the first heat were ruined were barred out. The race was a pretty one, Baur starting off in the lead, but was soon overtaken by Mudd, who held the lead almost the en-tire time. On the home stretch Greer was run off the track and Smith, running against Mudd within 100 feet of the finish, was thrown, though not injured. Five men in each heat qualified for the final.

Mile Handicap. In the one mile handicap, run in two heats, there were thirty-five entrants. Sims was scratch man, but he did not make any attempt to ride. Just at the beginning of the third lap there was a spill immediately in front of the grand stand. E. A. Hebard, in the lead, swerved slightly in an instant Ronsaville's wheel struck his. W. O'Connor's wheel was in riders went down, scraping the track. No one was badly hurt.
The second heat of the mile handicap was interesting. There was no spill in the race and it was the prettiest race of the morning. Mudd won by a magnificent

Racing Summary. The summary is as follows:

Novice race, first heat-H. W. Clum won: C. J. Morrison, S.R.C., second; D. P. Moore, A.W., third; Arthur Van Deman, unattach ed, fourth; A. H. Davison, A.W., fifth. Time, 2.31 1-5.

Second heat-J. Walter Thompson, A.W. won; H. R. Thompson, unattached, second; W. O'Connor, unattached, third; Luther A. Archer, unattached, fourth; Willett Len eker, unattached, fifth. Time, 2.38. Half mile, handicap, first heat-H. W. Half mile, handicap, first heat—H. W. Clum, unattached, 80 yards, won; W. F. Sims, A.W., scratch, second; Wm. F. Throop, E.A.C., 60 yards, third; W. O. Woodward, E.A.C., 40 yards, fourth; Bill!e Sims, A.W., 30 yards, fifth. Time, 1.041-5. Second heat—T. N. Mudd, jr., A.W., 25 yards, won; E. L. Wilson, unattached, 40 yards, second; E. A. Hebard, unattached, 80 yards, third; Clarence Lucling L. W. 80 yards, third; Clarence Ingling, L. W., 65 yards, fourth; H. B. Greer, W.R.C., 30 yards, fifth. Time, 1.05 1-5. One mile handicap, first heat—George S. Ball, W. R. C., 40 yards, won; E. L. Wilson, unattached, 75 yards, second; C. W. Burnham, unattached, 165 yards, third; P. B. Borge, O. W. 120 yards, third; P.

Burnnam, unattacned, 165 yards, tnird; P.
P. Posey, Q. W., 120 yards, fourth; C. E.
Ingling, L. W., 125 yards, fifth; Billie
Sims, A. W., 55 yards, sixth. Time, 2.17.
Second heat—T. N. Mudd, Jr., A. W., 40
yards, won; Wm. T. Throop, E. A. C., second; H. W. Clum, unattached, 165 yards, ond; H. W. Clum, unattached, 100 yards, third; C. J. Morrison, S. R. C., 120 yards, fourth; Willett Leneker, unattached, 130 yards, fifth; C. E. Gause, W. R. C., 60 yards, sixth. Time, 2:15%. Larned Wins.

BRISTOL, July 4.-In the semi-final round of the singles in the lawn tennis tournament yesterday W. A. Larned, the American, beat Baddelly by a score of 6-2, 6-4 and 6-2. In the semi-final round of the double Ma-

honey and Larned beat Boucher and Nevill by a score of 6-2 and 7-5. The Field says "Mr. Larned's decisive de-feat of Baddelly was a great surprise. He played exceedingly well all through, hitting returns very severely, and placing well.

Unsatisfactory Managers.

John Chapman, manager of the Wilkestarre Base Ball Club, has tendered his resignation, and it was accepted. The failure of the club to win under Chapman's management caused dissatisfaction. Mr. Chapman returned to his home in Brooklyn. Al Buckenberger, manager of the Toronto club, will finish the season in Albany. Grounds have been secured, and everything

ing game is to be played Thursday. Remarks by Philadelphia Writers. Pretty good for the ancients. It was close enough for seven innings. We are again in the upper circle. Can we

stay there?

is bright for a prosperous finish. The open-

By the defeat Washington went down to ninth place. It was one of their old-time hitting streaks in the eighth, and we can stand a

few more just like it.

Back in the first division. That was all right, you Phillies. And still there's room at the top.

Joe Sullivan started last night for Cleveland, where he will join the Browns. Earl is all right and Gus is all right. But business is business. We must take both kept on high, through all eternity games today.

Mertes isn't afraid to open his head on

the coaching lines. For a young leaguer there is nothing bashful about him. The Senators, who have been cutting such a wide swath in the league race, made their first appearance here yesterday, and were gently but firmly taken into camp by the Phillies, who gave some evidence of Cavalry. their former ability.

THE TRIAL HEATS

Park yesterday for the prodigal sons of the diamond, and the latter showed their gratitude by giving the senatorial aggregation from Washington such a defeat as tickled the 4,000 fans immensely.

Well, they are with us once more, and, for a wonder, they played good ball and won an easy victory over the Senators. That is, it was easy at the finish, for they made a rally at the bat in the eighth and by one of the old-time hitting streaks put the game beyond question. By so doing they also bettered their position and are once more numbered among the upper six, once more numbered among the upper six, while Washington went to ninth place with

TODAY WAS THE DAY

(Cortinued from First Page.)

while the noise of the interruption was stilled. When all was quiet once more Professor

Goode introduced Gen. Joseph B. Doe, assistant secretary of war, who delivered an address. General Doe said:

We often hear it said that the days of sentiment are over, and it is considered quite the thing by many people to ridicule the manifestations of those great fountains and well springs of human action, which they so flippantly call sentiment. It is a fitting time today to consider whether or not it be true that this is a purely practical age, and that the emotions have but little effect upon our thoughts and actions. It is considered a matter of pride and boest is considered a matter of pride and boest among the thoughtless and shallow that the tendency of the times, as they see it, is toward the useful and practical and from the fanciful, romantic or sentimental.

It is true that being today at peace with all the world, engaged in the absorbing, impetuous and furious race for wealth, which seems the principal characteristic of our people, we unjustiatingly expell that our people, we unhesitatingly apply the



touchstone of utility to everything, to the touchstone of utility to everything, to the old and the new, to the most ancient customs and to the most recent inventions. But is it true that sentiment has no place among us? Must it follow that if, in this so-called utilitarian age of ours, one dare express admiration for beauty, for nobility, if one admire beautiful things for beauty's sake and brave deeds for valor's sake, that he must be treated with ultry and almost he must be treated with pity and almost contempt?

It appears sometimes as though many people thought we bught to feel a sense of shame if our cheeks flush, our eyes shine and our hearts bound at tales of self-sacriand our hearts bound at tales of self sacrifice, of brave deeds, of noble deaths, at the story of the Greeks at old Thermopylae, of Horatio at the bridge, of Wallace and the Bruce, of the "Old Guard" who died but did not surrender, and ever at the tales of the countless deeds of patriotic herolsm which are told us by eye-witnesses who were themselves actors in that latest bloody drama which preserved the nation's life. The man whose heart is not moved by such things must indeed be a faithful worshiper at the shrine of that commonplace god, utility.

shiper at the shrine of that commonplace god, utility.

Such a man would probably regard this fair earth of ours as one vast farm, one great granary and butcher shop. Such a man would probably appraise the beauty of a valley by the acre, estimate Niagara only by horse power and measure the grandeur of a mighty forest by the cord. of a mighty forest by the cord.

The Strength of Sentiment. No, the best things in life, the noblest,

purest, strongest things in man are but sentiment. Hope, honor, patriotism, love, are each and all but sentiment, and yet they are the only things for which men gladiy die. It is not brains, muscle or money, mighty as they are, that move the world, but faith, hope and love.

Let us then never be ashamed to express our feelings when their cause is honorable, and let us remember, too, that a portion of our duty lies toward succeeding generations, and that we shall never teach our children to do brave deeds, to sacrifice self for others or to live for the future as well as the present, if, by the silent force of selfish example, we instruct them in the narrow and narrowing path of pare utility. The founders of our liberties did not so. At the time of our country's birth they were weak, yes, feeble, indeed, but a handful of poor yet earnest men, hemmed in

by dense forests, rugged mountains and hordes of cruel savages, with no resources, no army, no navy, no money, no credit. England was great and mighty, with a huge and victorious army, a powerful navy, wealth unbounded and credit unlimited, avaricious from prosperity, overbearing through uninterrupted success, grown oppressive from her undisputed power, naughty in her supremacy, cruel in her

strength. Yet these puny colonies threw the iron gauntlet of war into the face of this glant and never counted the cost.

Not for themselves our fathers fought, but for us and for our children. Not for ease and comfort, these were not for them. Not for selfish hopes or with selfish ends, but that their children might enjoy the priceless heritage of liberty.

The manly protests of the colonies were treated with contempt, and a few soldiers were sent to overawe these earnest, quiet,

though discontented men.

The first blow struck at Lexington drew blood and the giant was rudely awakened. Then did England put forth her mighty strength, swarms of soldiers were poured upon our coasts and her great treasuries were opened to the hirelings of Europe, and fresh hordes of brutal, but well-nigh invincible warriors, joined their red-coated comrades in the field.

Assailed on the north, the east and the outh by the ablest graduates of the school of war, without money, without credit, and often without food, facing and fighting three ways at once, through few victories and many defeats, with the thunder of cannon and the glitter of bayonets in front and the blood-curdling war-whoop and the gleam of the scalping knife in the rear; in gleam of the scalping kinte in the rear, in spite of hunger and thirst, in spite of pov-erty and pain, in spite of indifference and hostility abroad, and dissension, treason and treachery at home, in spite of tattered garments, scorching sun and blinding ow, in spite of frozen fingers and bleed ing feet, in spite of wounds and death, with stern faces and set teeth, that little band of patriots struggled on and on until that freedom which we so fully enjoy, and should so fully appreciate, was won And it is ever so. It is the occasion that brings forth the hero, and whenever that dearly bought and dearly prized freedom is in danger then the same spirit is found among us, and the apparent absence of any feeling beyond the necessities of business of any sentiment more profound than that of commercial integrity, is found to be in-deed but seeming, the legitimate result of prosperity and peace.

It is not in peaceful, happy, quiet homes that the great qualities of humanity are developed, but more often amidst the developed, but more often amidst the storms and perils of adversity and danger. It were folly for me to do more than try to bring to your minds the consideration again of what it means to us that so many have been glad to die for country's sake, and to ask you to reflect upon what it meant to them.

The Tragedy of Chancellorsville. Among the gloomy pines of Chancellorsville was enacted a tragedy worthy to live in song and story so long as patriotism and faithfulness, honor and valor are valued by mankind, and worthy, then, to be preserved in those imperishable records Stonewall Jackson had completely sur

prised Howard's 11th Corps, and was driv-ing it in confusion toward the center of Hooker's position. It was a frightful scene. In the straggling fight, the flying and pursuing forces passed through a wood just beyond which lay five batteries of artillery and Gen. Pleasanton's 5th Pennsylvania

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STORY

will bear repetition. A story that tells people how to save money never gets old. It is always welcomed. It will stand retelling time and again.

Our clearing sale is the good story we want to tell once more. We want men to know that we have put all our suitings into two lots.

The first lot is made up of suitings regularly sold at from \$15 to \$30. While the sale lasts, you may take your choice and have a suit made to order at \$14.50.

The second lot comprises the \$10 to \$13 suitings. The price now is

\$9.50. Fabrics are Fancy Cheviots and Worsteds.

Mertz and Mertz.

906 F Street.

its lesson. The guns were not in position, but "parked." awaiting orders. Right through the batteries dashed the panic-stricken fugitives, closely pressed by Jackson's Corps of 20,000 men. Horse and foot, ambulances and mules

negroes and stragglers came tearing past, naddened by terror, helpless through fear. Somebody gave the command, "Battery left wheel, fire to the rear. Caissons pass pleces. Trot, march." In the mad confusion of the moment a frightened bugler heard only 'he command "Trot," and sounded that alone. It was

taken for a general stampede signal, and the scene became confusion worse con-On came the fugitives, nearer and nearer came the rebel yell and Jackson's victorious legions. Nothing to oppose them but five batteries of artillery and 300 cavalrymen. The guns stood pointing in every direc-tion, no commands were given, and in a few moments Jackson would have broken

through the lines, captured Hooker's head-quarters and doubled up the entire army. Then out rode Gen. Pleasanton. "Align those pieces," he shouted, but to put the guns into position was a work of time, and Jackson was almost upon them, but there was Maj. Keenan and his 300 horsemen. Gen. Pleasanton said to him, "Major, you must charge those woods and hold the enemy in check until we get those guns into position. It must be done at any cost." Major Keenan replied, "That is to say, you must ride t ocertain death. We will do it." Oh, what a sight was that. Where is our

Oh, what a sight was that. Where is our American Tennyson that he has not lifted into immortality the humble names of those valiant heroes? Why has no heaven-inspired poet crystallized in deathless song the charge of our Light Brigade?

Three hundred troopers, with deep-set spurs and flashing sabers, sprang at the throats of 20,000 men. No one had blundered. Some must die for comrades and country, that was all.

So mad a blow did they strike in Stone-

So mad a blow did they strike in Stone-wall Jackson's teeth, that even that great army staggered and paused in its onward rush, to recover from the shock and reform its lines. "Surely there were more coming. No single regiment would charge an army." But, alsa, there were no more bold riders and support could not then the formists. and support could not then be furnished. With an angry growl, the confederate troops sprang forward, and brave Keenan fell at the head of his men.

Three hundred Pennsylvania horsemen dled with their feet in the stirrups, but the army was saved. Three hundred men made Thermorylae a household word for turies; six hundred rode to deathless fame at Balaklava, but no poet or historian has rescued from oblivion the names of the 300 herces who died beneath the pines of Chancellorsville.

And it is to such souls that we owe the preservation of our government. Freedom is our country's foundation stone, its emblem is the eagle's flight; its history the proud march of a conqueror. In affluence and peace it is hard to remember what this freedom cost, but so long as we enjoy the fruits of the labors and sacrifices of our fathers, let us never forget to honor their efforts, their struggles, their names and

their memories. An Appeal for Patriotism.

And when the question comes to us, my younger friends, as it may do any day, "Will you for temporary gain or present advantage surrender any portion of that liberty and unity of government which has taken three devastating wars to establish?" let us answer "No."

By the blood of Lexington and Concord, of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, by the mem-ory of Washington, Andrew Jackson and Grant; by the shades of the heroes that fell at Chancellorsville, at Vicksburg, at Chickamauga and at Gettysburg; by our minds, our memories, our bodies and our brains, as in the past so in the future, whether the question come from the wily tongue of in-trigue or the brazen throat of war, let "No" be the answer, with tongue and heart, with pen and sword, with ballots and with

And as each succeeding year we gather to celebrate the anniversary of our country's birth, and to do honor to the memory of those heroes who have been laid to rest in the "low green tent, whose curtain never outward swings," let us ever endeavor to take home with us the lesson that their lives and their deaths should teach

Though glittering shafts and beautiful rns and magnificent statues are created to their memory, let us ever remem greater and better monument is the republic itself; still incomplete, but rapidly in-creasing in magnitude and shapeliness; still an infant among nations, but a giant Push on, workman, lay stone upon stone

add buttress and pillar and arch, until in its perfected symmetry it shall overtop still higher and higher all other products of the handlwork of man; but meanwhile guard well the growing structure, uphold its Constitution, maintain its independence, preserve its unity, defend the liberties of its citizen workman, which are the glory of the fabric itself. Let us then so live that this our country may stand before mankind in all its orig-inal strength, beauty and grandeur, se-

curing peace, order, equality and freedom to all within its boundaries; a beacon light of

hope and joy upon the pathway of lit

throughout the world so long as time shall Gen. Doe was frequently interrupted by applause. When he spoke of the great cavalry charge at Chancellorsville tears came to the eyes of hundreds. Veterans of the late war found their vision of the stars and stripes that floated from the front of the stand dimmed by moisture. Their hearts beat faster when they re called scenes like that which the speaker was describing, and when he concluded there was a great outburst of handelap

ping. Mr. Henry E, Davis' Oration. The band then played "Columbia, the

Gem of the Gcean," and Prof. Goode introduced Mr. Henry E. Davis of the District bar as the next speaker. Mr. Davis spoke impromptu, without the aid of notes. He said he could not go without echoing the thought so well uttered by Gen. Doe that sentiment was not a thing to be despise. or to be discredited, especially on such a day. "It is a fashion among certain people," he continued, "to belittle the 'spreadeaglelsm' of the day, but I pray that I shall never live to see the time when their icea will predominate among the citizens of this great land. I cannot stending the of this great land. I canno of this shaft, erected to the memory of him who is justly called the father of his country, without being tempted to let my heart overflow into that self-same 'spread-eagleism.'

'I am an American. I recognize this as my birthdsy, even as it is the birthday of the nation. I speak for sentiment on a day like this. I hope, too, that we will not lose their former ability.

Some of you may have been actors in the like this. I hope, too, that we will not lose the fatted calf was killed at Philadelphia play, but all of us should read and heed sight of the true meaning of the day, that

is too seldom brought to mind, the real part played by the Divine Power in the liberation of our land. There is a clear manifestation of Providence in the day we ceiebrate. When man began his career on the earth he was a mere brute, as ignorant of law as of religion. It was only by God's untiring effort that man has been brought to a realization of the true meaning of the family, then of the village, of the state, and finally of the nation, to respect them, to love them, to be willing to die for them.

"This has only been accomplished by the breaking down of the superstitions and fetiches that bound him. For many years man lived with certain conceptions as to the principles of government that he revered his religion. He worshiped the divine right of kings, and a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was signed the mere suggestion of such an action as the breaking off of a colony from

action as the breaking off of a colony from the central monarchy would bring down on its advocate the death of a martyr. True, there had been attempts to break off the shackies of tyranny, but they were unsuccessful. Oliver Cromwell had essayed to crush the monarchical power in England, and for a time he seemed to succeed, but he, too, falled, and the kingly power returned, only to be shaken when our fathers signed this immental downer. our fathers signed this immortal document and by their deeds and sacrifices gave it

Providence in History.

"What but Providence made it possible that on this continent and by our people this struggling sentiment of liberty in the breast of mankind should have its fruition? Providence in history is not a mere figure of speech, not a fetich. That event in Phil-

of speech, not a fetich. That event in Phil-adelphia one hundred and twenty years ago preclaimed the eternal voice of Gof!

"Before those glorious words were thrown on a startled world there had been premonitions of them, murmurings of the coming trouble, but vain were they until they took the form of concrete acts. It took the coming together of patriot heads and hearts and the formulation of the im-mortal document to make liberty an acmortal document to make liberty an ac-tuality and not a mere form of speech. An English historian has well said that the Declaration of Independence should be hung in every English nursery, and blazoned on the porch of every royal pal-

"Oh, I know I'm talking 'Fourth of July." That's what I'm here for. That's what I want to talk. That's what ought to be talked more and more every year. It is a good thing to talk and to feel 'Fourth of July.' It inspires better citizenship, bet-ter manhood. We must think over the great deeds that we celebrate on this day, to consider what they mean, to realize what sufferings they entailed, in order to appreciate the great blessings that are ours this day. It is a hard thing to get a man to make a fight unless he sees some glimmering of a chance to win ahead of him. It may be faint, it may be clusive, but it must be there to give him heart and courage. He wants to see the fruits of his sacrifice. Those men who fought in the last century to build up this nation were confronted with a gloomy prospect. They were facing England with her mighty power, with her endless resources, and her great prestige. But they knew they were right. The time had come to act. They were impelled by a force greater than themselves, and they went on to vistory with only the inspiration of their con sciences and their native love of freedom.

Results of the Declaration of Independence. "There is nothing in the whole range of human history of which the visible results are today so clearly appreciable as of the Declaration signed that great day one hundred and twenty years ago. To what else do we owe that universal spirit of religion and of political freedom that now pervades our land? To what else do we owe this unbounded prosperity that is ours? To what else is due our great advancement as a people and a nation? At the same stroke that wiped away the cobwebs of antiquity in government those patriots gave eternal root to an immortal idea that is today flourishing and spreading its beneficent influence over all the world.

"Don't let us underrate that influence. Don't let us fear to be chided for speaking sentiment on such cecasions. We find a knot of men anywhere in this world today who start to speak of human liberty who do not draw their inspiration from the Declaration of Independence. There was no such great event in the whole range of history. Yet we are apt to forget its cost and the principles that lay beneath that wonderful effort. It is our duty today to foster an appreciation of those principles and to carry them into our civic life. There may be corruption here and there in the body politic of our nation, and improper motives may occasionally prevail to produce evil effects, but the right is sure to

"We tread beneath our feet the Declaration of Independence if we forget the warm hearts and noble souls of the men who made it an actuality, and we degrade their memories. Let us, then, foster a respect for them and for their deeds. Let us carry that respect with us in our daily lives. There can be no civic duty formed that is not inspired by the Declaration.

Apostrophe to the Flag.

"Let us remember, too, that that day one hundred and twenty years ago furnished us with a standard that is an inspiration and a revelation; that glorious today added; the flag that is typical of the nation and of the sacrifices that caused its creation. I can be speak my reverence for that glorious banner in no better words than those of the poet, who, though doubtless younger than most of those who face me today, yet wrote words that will al-ways thrill the heart of an American citi-

en, John Rodman Drake— 'When Freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night And set the stars of glery there She mingled with its gorgeous dyes.
The milky baldric of the skies, And stripped its pure, celestial white With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home! angel hands to valor given Thy stars have lit the welkin dome And all thy hues were born in heave Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us With Freedom's soil beneath our feet And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

There was loud applause when Mr. Davis concluded, and he was heartily congratulated by those around him on the platform. band played "Hail Colum all rose to their feet and the ceremonies were closed with a brief benediction by

Rev. Dr. Elliott. A photograph was taken of the assemblage and then the throng dispersed.